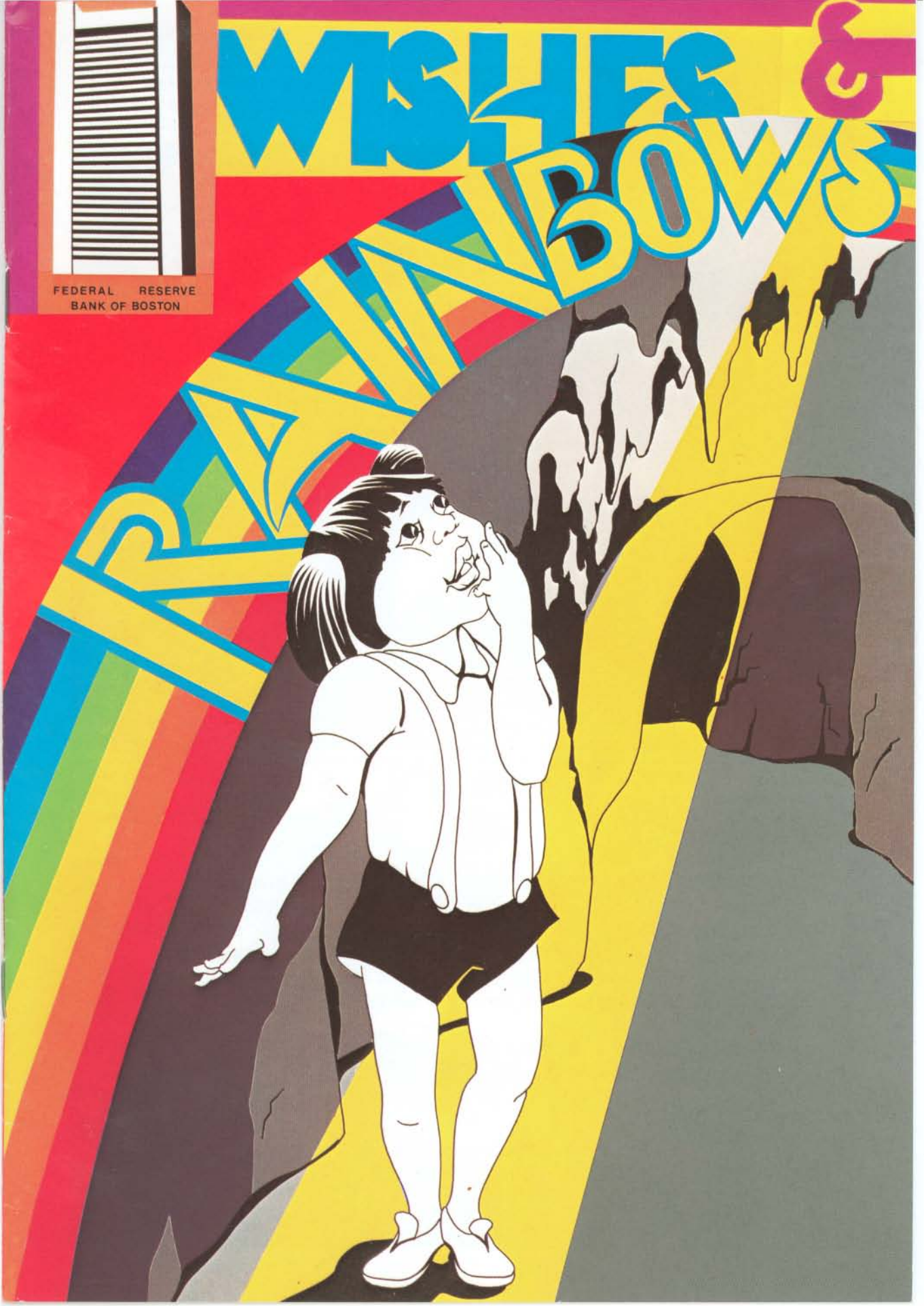
# WISHES & RAINBOWS



FEDERAL RESERVE
BANK OF BOSTON

**WISHES & RAINBOWS** is adapted from a story of the same title by Debra Carpenter-Beck, published in the September 1980 issue of *The Ledger,* the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston's economic education newsletter. Copies of **WISHES & RAINBOWS** in either story or comic book form may be obtained through the Public and Community Affairs Department, Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, Boston, MA 02106.

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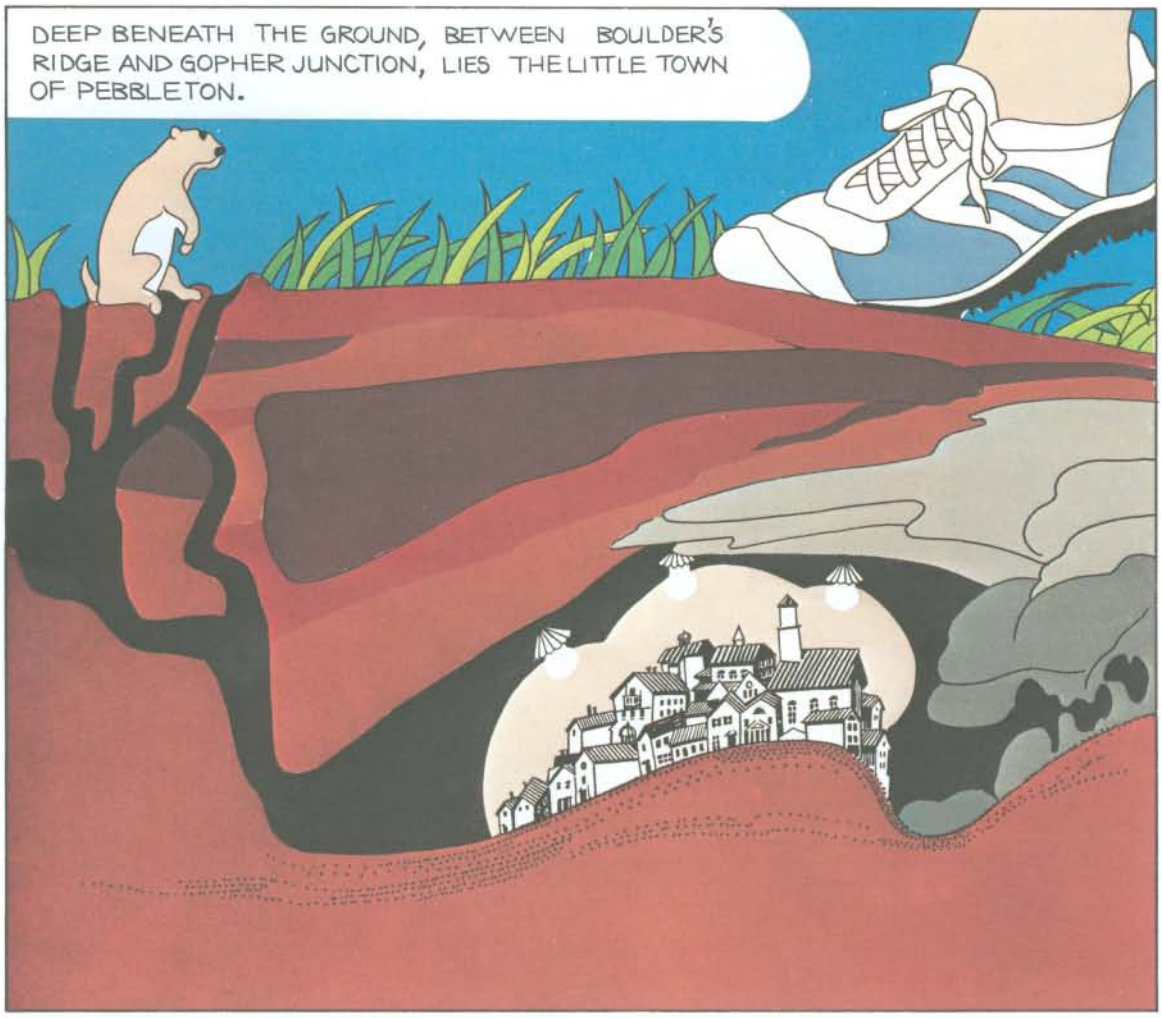
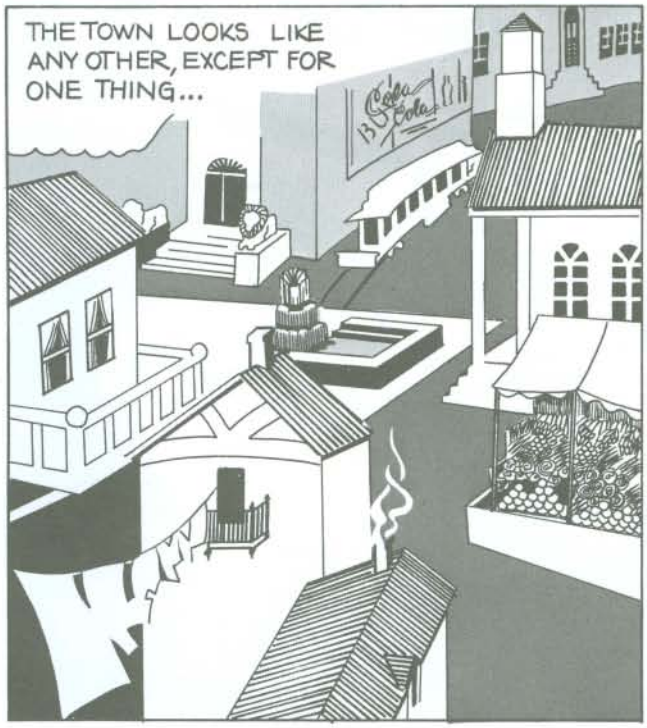

DEEP BENEATH THE GROUND, BETWEEN BOULDER'S RIDGE AND GOPHER JUNCTION, LIES THE LITTLE TOWN OF PEBBLETON.

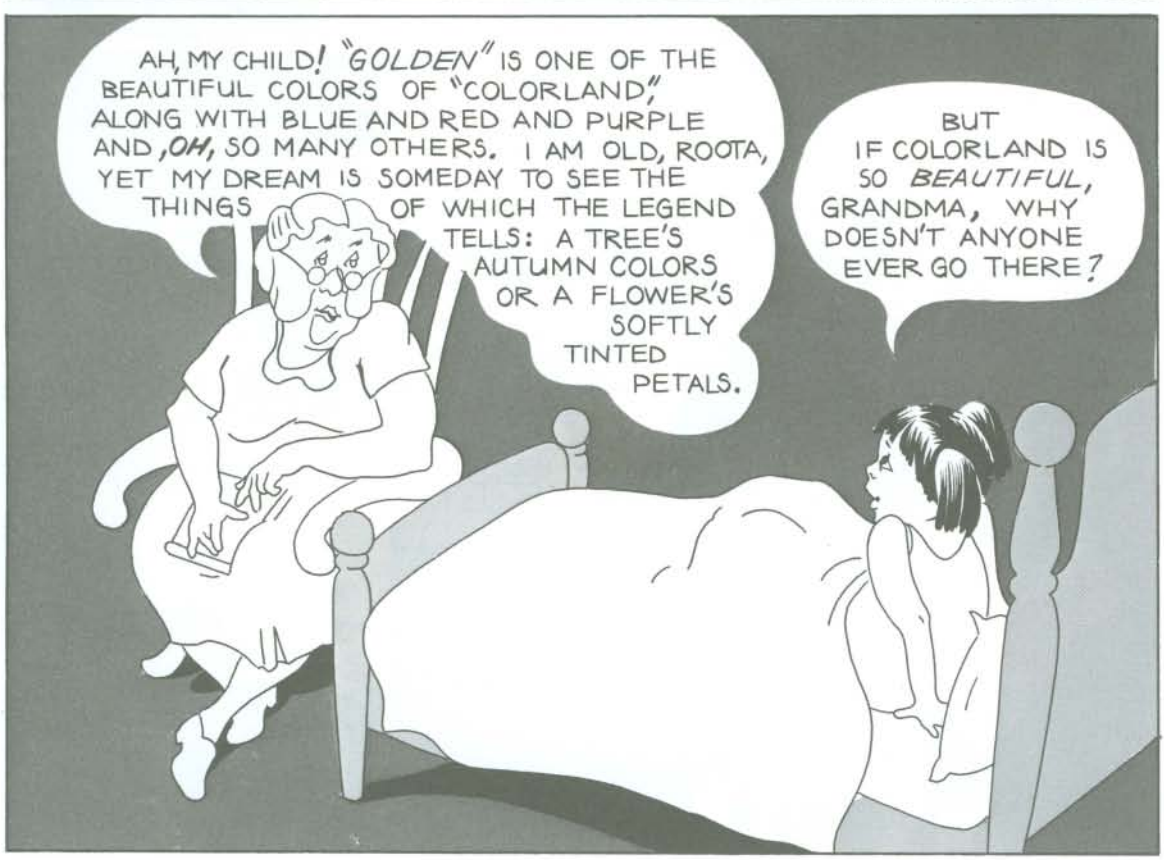

THE TOWN LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...

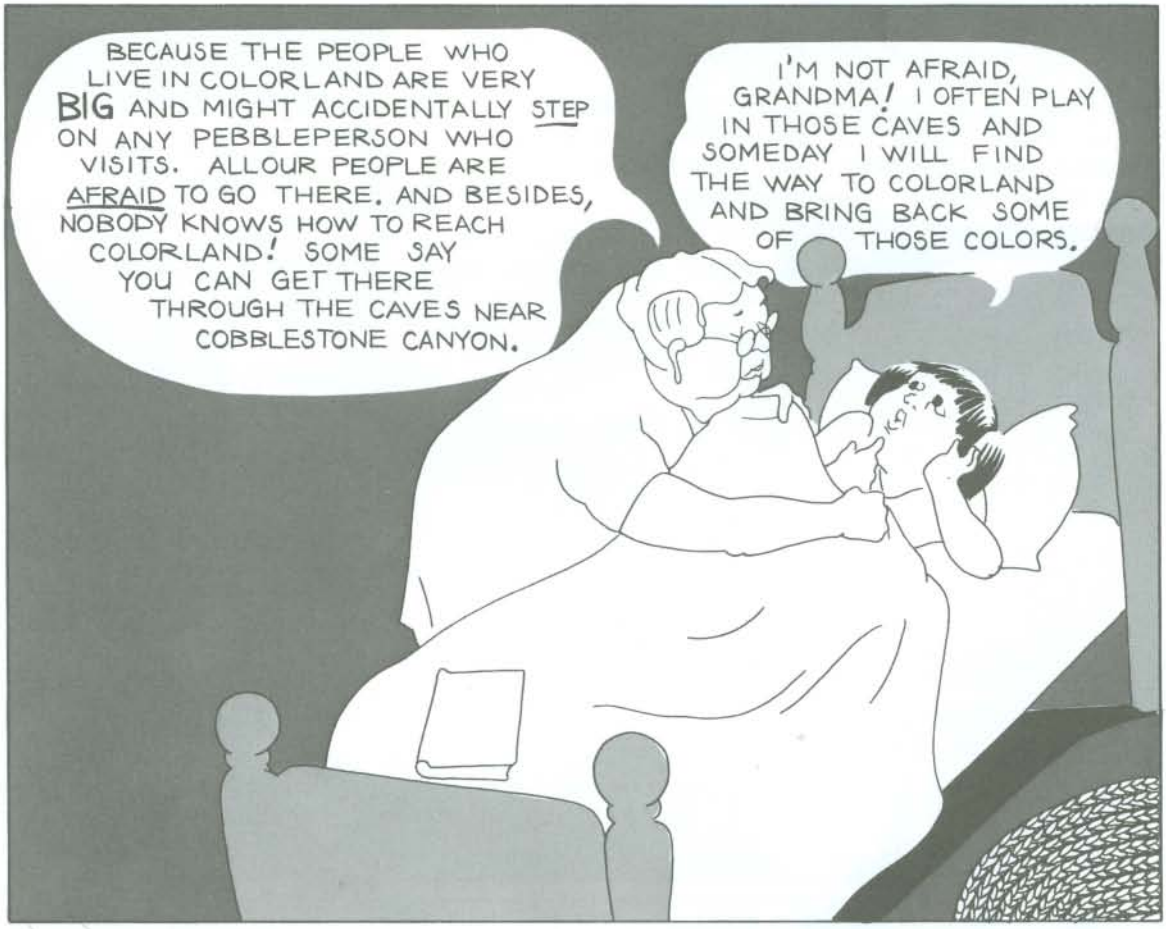
...THERE IS NO COLOR.

BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF COLOR, ALL THE HOUSES LOOK ALIKE AND EVERY STREET SEEMS LIKE ANY OTHER STREET. THE LITTLE PEBBLEPEOPLE LOOK THE SAME, EACH ABOUT SIX INCHES TALL.
AND INSTEAD OF PRETTY PINK BLOUSES, BLUE PANTS, OR YELLOW SCARVES, THEY WEAR ONLY WHITES, BLACKS, AND GREYS.

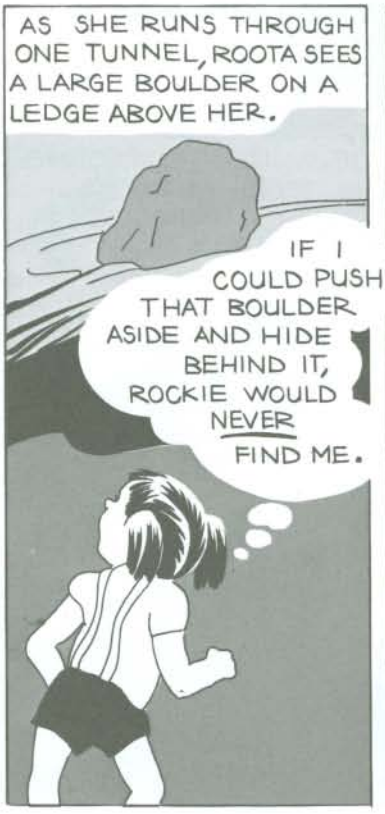
LADY SINGS... "THE GREYS"
LIGHT GREY @!*!!
DARK GREY!
STORY HOUR
LITTLE GREY RIDING HOOD
1/2
I'M SORRY, SIR, THE ONLY BEVERAGES WE HAVE ARE WHITE WINE AND BLACK COFFEE.
CAFE BLANCO
NO BLUE PLATE SPECIAL

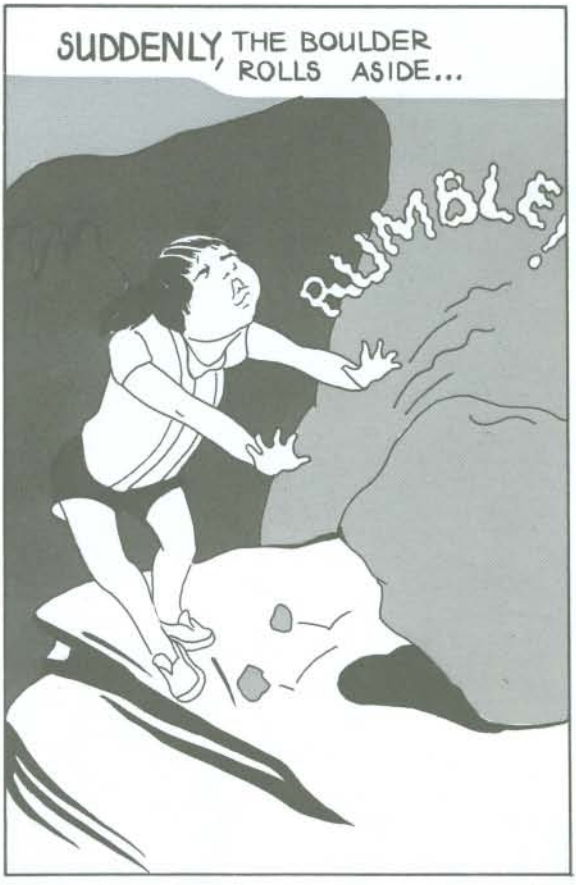
THE PEBBLEPEOPLE ARE NOT HAPPY IN THEIR WORLD OF NO COLOR. FOR CENTURIES THEY HAVE HEARD STORIES OF A LEGENDARY "COLORLAND," AND THEY LONG TO LOOK UPON THE BLUES, REDS, AND YELLOWS THEY HAVE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.
"...AND THEN JACK SAW THE GOOSE FLAP ITS WINGS AND LAY A MAGNIFICENT GOLDEN EGG..."
WHAT DOES "GOLDEN" MEAN, GRANDMA?

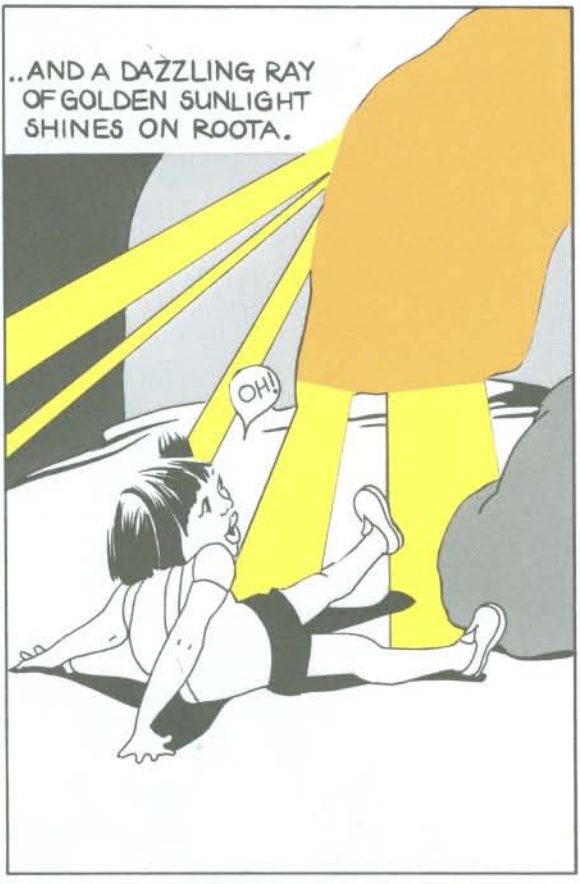

AH, MY CHILD! "GOLDEN" IS ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL COLORS OF "COLORLAND," ALONG WITH BLUE AND RED AND PURPLE AND, OH, SO MANY OTHERS. I AM OLD, ROOTA, YET MY DREAM IS SOMEDAY TO SEE THE THINGS OF WHICH THE LEGEND TELLS: A TREE'S AUTUMN COLORS OR A FLOWER'S SOFTLY TINTED PETALS.
BUT IF COLORLAND IS SO BEAUTIFUL, GRANDMA, WHY DOESN'T ANYONE EVER GO THERE?


BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN COLORLAND ARE VERY BIG AND MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY STEP ON ANY PEBBLEPERSON WHO VISITS. ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO GO THERE. AND BESIDES, NOBODY KNOWS HOW TO REACH COLORLAND! SOME SAY YOU CAN GET THERE THROUGH THE CAVES NEAR COBBLESTONE CANYON.
I'M NOT AFRAID, GRANDMA! I OFTEN PLAY IN THOSE CAVES AND SOMEDAY I WILL FIND THE WAY TO COLORLAND AND BRING BACK SOME OF THOSE COLORS.

ONE DAY, A FEW WEEKS LATER, ROOTA AND HER FRIEND ROCKIE ARE PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE CAVES.
ONE THOUSAND AND ONE, ONE THOUSAND AND TWO...

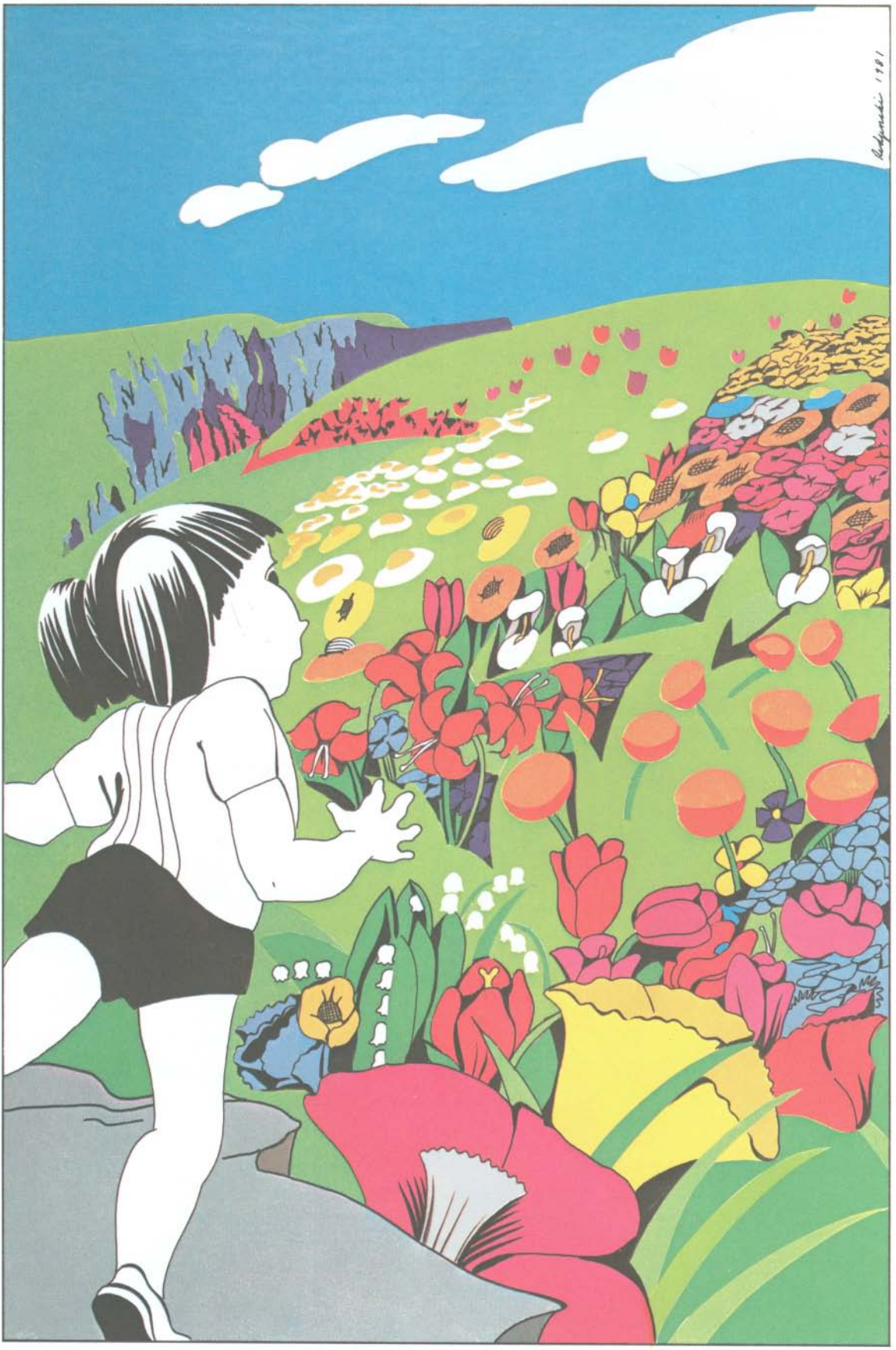

AS SHE RUNS THROUGH ONE TUNNEL, ROOTA SEES A LARGE BOULDER ON A LEDGE ABOVE HER.
IF I COULD PUSH THAT BOULDER ASIDE AND HIDE BEHIND IT, ROCKIE WOULD NEVER FIND ME.


SUDDENLY, THE BOULDER ROLLS ASIDE...
RUMBLE!

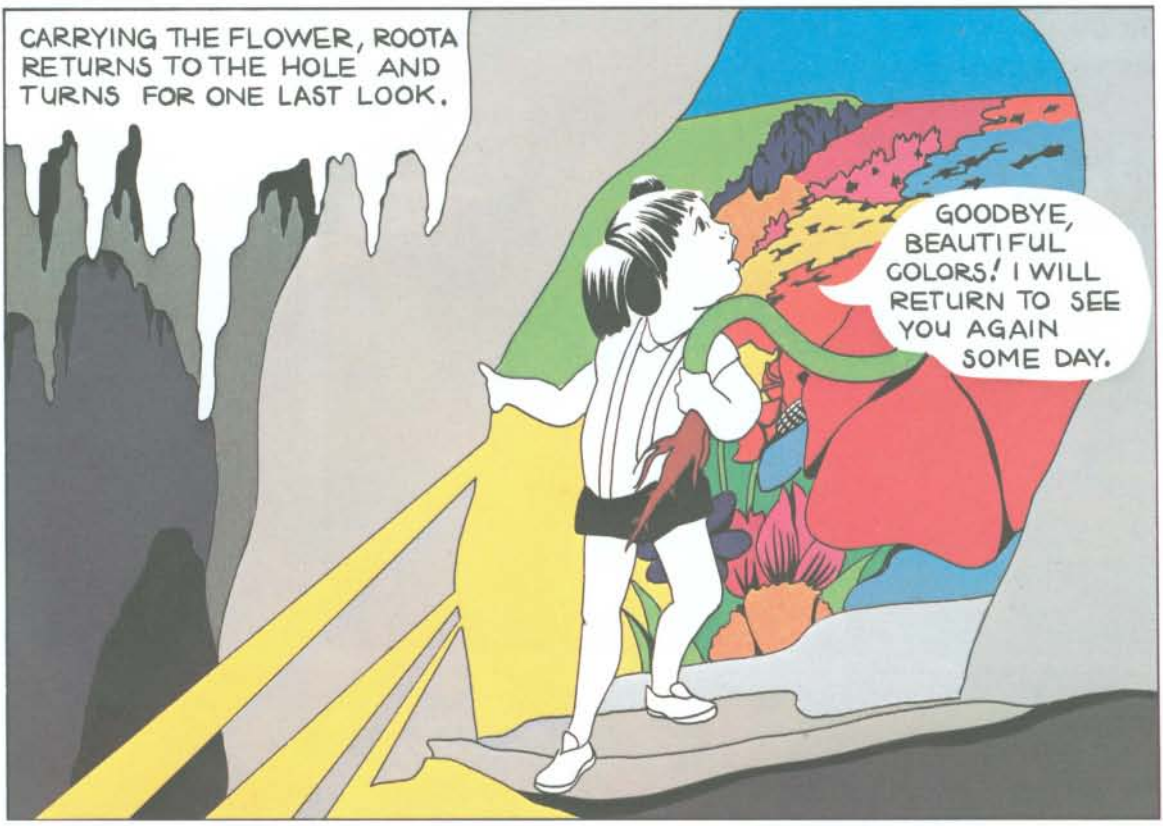

..AND A DAZZLING RAY OF GOLDEN SUNLIGHT SHINES ON ROOTA.
OH!

AT FIRST, ROOTA HAS TO COVER HER EYES TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE LIGHT.

BUT AT LAST SHE GROWS ACCUSTOMED TO IT, AND SHE CLIMBS THROUGH THE HOLE AND LOOKS OUT.



ROOTA LEAPS TO HER FEET...
OH! I FOUND THEM!
...AND RUNS AMONG THE FLOWERS.
I FOUND THE COLORS GRANDMA TOLD ME ABOUT!
OH! THEY ARE MORE MAGNIFICENT THAN I EVER IMAGINED.
OH! THIS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THEM ALL! IF ONLY GRANDMA AND THE OTHER PEBBLEPEOPLE COULD SEE IT.
THEN ROOTA HAS AN IDEA. SHE KNEELS AND...
PLUCK!


CARRYING THE FLOWER, ROOTA RETURNS TO THE HOLE AND TURNS FOR ONE LAST LOOK.
GOODBYE, BEAUTIFUL COLORS! I WILL RETURN TO SEE YOU AGAIN SOME DAY.

ROOTA MAKES HER WAY BACK THROUGH THE TUNNELS AND FINDS ROCKIE. SHE TELLS HIM OF HER ADVENTURE.
SO *THIS* IS WHAT COLOR LOOKS LIKE. IT IS PRETTIER THAN I EVER IMAGINED!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SHOW MY GRANDMA!

QUICKLY, THEY TAKE THE FLOWER BACK TO PEBBLETON AND SHOW IT TO ROOTA'S GRANDMOTHER.
OH, ROOTA! IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I HAVE EVER SEEN. YOU HAVE MADE AN OLD WOMAN VERY HAPPY.

BUT WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH IT, GRANDMA?
THE PEOPLE OF PEBBLETON HAVE BEEN WITHOUT COLOR FOR SO LONG. WHY DON'T YOU AND ROCKIE PLANT IT IN THE TOWN SQUARE?
THE CHILDREN FOLLOW THE OLD WOMAN'S SUGGESTION, AND...
NOW ALL THE PEBBLEPEOPLE WILL KNOW HOW PRETTY COLOR IS!
..THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I EVER SAW!
IT MAKES THE WHOLE TOWN SEEM BRIGHTER AND HAPPIER!
HOW I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE A FLOWER FOR MY OWN!
HOW DID WE SURVIVE WITHOUT THOSE PRETTY COLORS?
POPCORN
IS THE PETAL BLUE OR PURPLE?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I THINK THE STEM IS "GREEN."
PERHAPS ROOTA WOULD GO BACK FOR MORE!
WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF EVERY CITIZEN OF PEBBLETON COULD HAVE A FLOWER?

ROOTA AND ROCKIE ARE SUMMONED BEFORE THE MAYOR.
AND SO, AS MAYOR, I INSTRUCT YOU TO GO BACK TO COLORLAND AND BRING BACK MORE FLOWERS.
MAYOR
HAPPILY, ROOTA AND ROCKIE RETURN TO THE CAVES, BUT...
A ROCKSLIDE HAS CLOSED OFF THAT WHOLE TUNNEL. WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?
DON'T BE SAD. WE STILL HAVE ONE COLORED FLOWER.
BUT EVERYBODY IN PEBBLETON WANTS ONE. THEY WILL NEVER BE HAPPY UNLESS WE FIND MORE! WE MUST SEARCH FOR ANOTHER OPENING TO COLORLAND.
AFTER A LONG SEARCH.
HOORAY! ANOTHER ENTRANCE TO COLORLAND.
LOOK, ROCKIE! THERE IS A GOLDEN LIGHT AHEAD!

BUT SOON THEIR JOY FADES...
LOOK, ROOTA, THE GOLDEN LIGHT IS COMING FROM THAT LITTLE HOLE IN THE CEILING.
IT'S SO HIGH!
EVEN THE TALLEST LADDER IN PEBBLETON COULD NEVER COME CLOSE TO REACHING IT.

WE HAVE SEARCHED THROUGH ALL THE CAVES AND THERE IS NO OTHER ENTRANCE TO COLORLAND!

CHEER UP! THE PEOPLE OF PEBBLETON WILL HAVE TO LEARN TO SHARE THE COLORS OF OUR ONLY FLOWER.
BUT SO MANY PEOPLE, AND ONLY ONE FLOWER!

THEY RETURN TO PEBBLETON...
OH, LOOK, ROOTA! THE BRIGHT AND PRETTY FLOWER HAS BECOME WILTED AND GREY!
AND THEN, THE FLOWER TOO SHEDS THREE HARD, BLACK TEARS.
THE FLOWER'S COLORS CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF THE WORLD ABOVE. BUT IT IS SAID THAT ITS TEARS WILL GROW NEW FLOWERS IF THEY RECEIVE THE LIGHT.

THIS GIVES ROOTA AN IDEA.
COME ON, ROCKIE, LET'S GO BACK TO THE CAVE.

ONCE THERE, SHE PLACES THE THREE TEARS UNDER THE EARTH WHERE THE GOLDEN LIGHT SHINES DOWN.

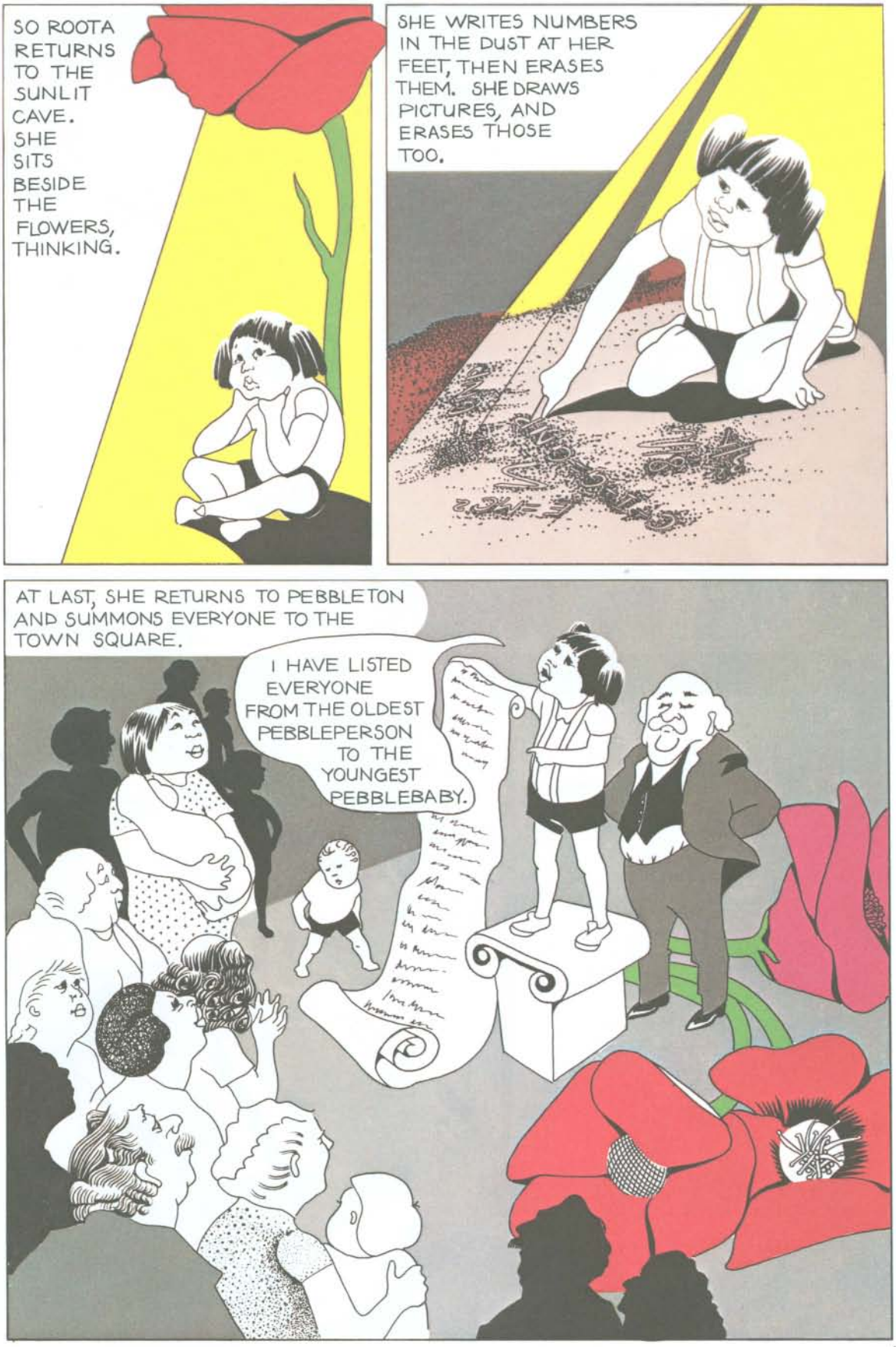
THE CHILDREN TAKE TURNS WATERING THE SPOT EVERY DAY. AFTER A FEW DAYS...
...THREE GREEN SHOOTS POKE THROUGH THE GROUND.

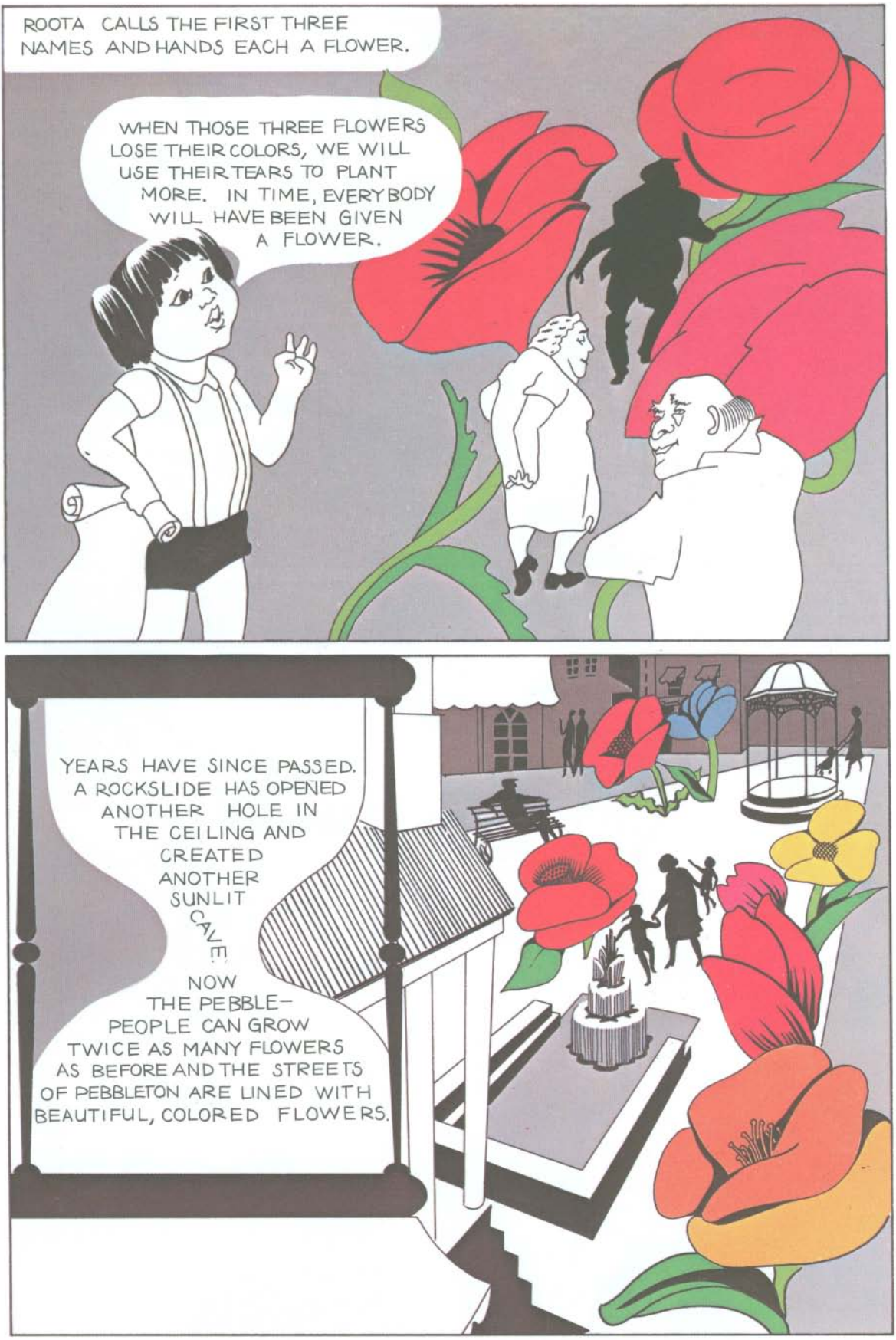
SOON...

BURSTING WITH HAPPINESS, THE CHILDREN RACE BACK TO PEBBLETON WITH THE GOOD NEWS. BUT...
I WANT ONE OF THE FLOWERS!
I WAS HERE FIRST, SO I SHOULD GET ONE!
AS MAYOR, I CERTAINLY SHOULD RECEIVE ONE.
I AM THE RICHEST PERSON IN TOWN, SO I SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO BUY ONE.
IF I DON'T GET ONE, I'LL HOLD MY BREATH TILL I'M SICK!
I'M THE POOREST, SO I SHOULD BE GIVEN ONE!

ROOTA, YOU FOUND THE COLORS SO IT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHO WILL GET THEM.

THE PEOPLE OF PEBBLETON HAVE BEEN WITHOUT COLOR ALL THEIR LIVES. NOW THEY HAVE SEEN ITS BEAUTY AND WANT MORE AND MORE. ONLY YOU CAN DECIDE WHO WILL GET A FLOWER AND WHO WON'T.
BUT WHAT AM I TO DO, GRANDMA? I HAVE ONLY THREE FLOWERS YET EVERYBODY WANTS ONE!


SO ROOTA RETURNS TO THE SUNLIT CAVE. SHE SITS BESIDE THE FLOWERS, THINKING.
SHE WRITES NUMBERS IN THE DUST AT HER FEET, THEN ERASES THEM. SHE DRAWS PICTURES, AND ERASES THOSE TOO.
AT LAST, SHE RETURNS TO PEBBLETON AND SUMMONS EVERYONE TO THE TOWN SQUARE.
I HAVE LISTED EVERYONE FROM THE OLDEST PEBBLEPERSON TO THE YOUNGEST PEBBLEBABY.


ROOTA CALLS THE FIRST THREE NAMES AND HANDS EACH A FLOWER.
WHEN THOSE THREE FLOWERS LOSE THEIR COLORS, WE WILL USE THEIR TEARS TO PLANT MORE. IN TIME, EVERY BODY WILL HAVE BEEN GIVEN A FLOWER.
YEARS HAVE SINCE PASSED. A ROCKSLIDE HAS OPENED ANOTHER HOLE IN THE CEILING AND CREATED ANOTHER SUNLIT CAVE.
NOW THE PEBBLE-PEOPLE CAN GROW TWICE AS MANY FLOWERS AS BEFORE AND THE STREETS OF PEBBLETON ARE LINED WITH BEAUTIFUL, COLORED FLOWERS.

BUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE STILL NOT CONTENT. MANY WANT TWO, THREE, AND EVEN FOUR FLOWERS OF THEIR OWN. SINCE ROOTA CANNOT GROW THAT MANY IN ONLY TWO SUNLIT CAVES, SHE AND ROCKIE STILL SEARCH FOR ANOTHER OPENING TO COLORLAND.

SO DON'T BE SURPRISED IF SOME SUMMER DAY WHEN YOU'RE LYING ON THE GREEN GRASS AND LOOKING AT THE BLUE SKY, YOU HEAR VOICES COMING FROM UNDER-GROUND. IT COULD BE ROCKIE AND ROOTA SEARCHING FOR THE ENTRANCE TO COLORLAND.

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